

ALPHONSE AND GASTON.

They Consult a Fortune Teller.



THE ONLY WAY OUT OF IT.
"I understand that you have married your divorced wife again."
"Yes, it's true; you see, I couldn't get any other."—Lustige Blaetter.



A LONGFELT WISH RECEIVED.
Manager: "The house is sold out, and if you play your part well, I will loan you that dollar you wanted last month."—Der Dorfbarbier.



HER DEAREST FRIEND.
Miss Rosebud: "I'm afraid I've caught cold. I have such a terrible headache."
Miss Lotus: "Yes, dear, a cold always flies to the weakest spot, doesn't it?"—Moonshine.

Up Against It.
Tired Tatters: "Here's a piece in this paper wot's a insult to de profess."
Weary Walker: "Wot's it say?"
Tired Tatters: "It sez dat a feller orn't ter eat nuttin' when he's tired."
Weary Walker: "Well, wot's de matter wid dat item?"
Tired Tatters: "Wot's de matter wid it! Say, do yuns want er feller ter starve ter death?"—Exchange.

Why He Rejoiced.
"I understand you are soon to receive a legacy of \$10,000," remarked the victim in the chair.
"Yes," replied the barber, "and I'm glad of it, if only for one thing."
"What's that?" queried the victim.
"When I get it I can retire from business and eat onions for breakfast whenever I feel like it," rejoined the knight of the razor.—Exchange.

The Feminine View.
Wederly: "Remarkable thing about the disappearance of \$22,000 from a safety-deposit vault belonging to a bookmaker."
Mrs. Wederly: "Yes, and the most remarkable thing about it is that he had it to lose."
Wederly: "Why so?"
Mrs. Wederly: "Oh, most writers complain that literature doesn't pay."—Exchange.

Wanted a Transfer.
The man from Wayback was riding downtown on a new car. He had had the necessary financial hemorrhage, was poorer by a nickel and felt bad over it. After a while he saw the conductor passing around little slips of flimsy paper with three-cornered apertures in them.
But none came to the man from Wayback. And he was immediately jealous.
"I hain't got mine yet," he said, trembling with indignation.
"Your what?" asked the conductor, with interest.
"My slip o' paper, whatever ya was givin' them others," was the reply.
"Oh! Those were transfers," explained the conductor.
"Well, didn't I pay jist as much fare as them?"
"Sure."
"An' don't that intitle me to all th' advantages dat th' others gits?"
"Sure. Where d'ye want a transfer to?"
"Quit your chevin'!"
"I don't keer, where. I hain't got no place in particular. But I'll be eternally hornswoggled if I'm goin' to pay out my good money for ridin' on these yer cars an' not git as much for it as anybody else does. My money's as good as theirs. Let me off. I'm goin' to see a ossifer!"
They gave no transfers to the place to which the conductor mentally consigned the man from Wayback. If they did, the paper would have to possess the qualities of asbestos.—Angeles Herald.

plied the passenger with the goatee. "But it isn't Kiss Station any more. They've changed the name, but retained the idea. It's now—"
"Happy Junction," bawled out the conductor as the train slackened its speed for the next stop.—Exchange.

At It Again.
Mrs. Homer: "What do you think of my new gown?"
Mrs. Nextdoor: "Oh, it's perfectly lovely. Only last week I bought our cook a dress of the same piece of goods."—Exchange.

Strangers Now.
"You ought to see the lovely letters my husband writes," said the bride of a month to one of her girl friends.
"Oh, I've seen a few," rejoined the dear girl friend. "In fact, I've got nearly a trunkful of them in the attic."—Exchange.



CANNABALISTIC COMPLIMENTS.
Chief: "Miss, even after you're roasted, you will look just as nice as now!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.



INJURED PRIDE.
Mr. Beerman: "How those people go crazy when a bicycle rider breaks a record. But when I break a beer-drinking record, they don't notice it at all."—Der Dorfbarbier.